1:Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
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539 horses so they did not bring many here. Some had two or three, others five or six. The Navaho up the canyon and those down at the creek thought what they might trade for corn and beans. So they killed some horses, dried the meat, and brought that down to trade. Some had a few sheep with them and they butchered these too. The Havasupai had many horses then; they ate their meat too. This is the way the Navaho traded, with horses, sheep, blankets, bracelets, necklaces, bridles, and all such things, until they had nothing more to trade with. So when some Navaho woman saw some Havasupai man alone, she proposed to lie with him, in exchange for corn and other things; the man gave just enough for one meal, not very much.

At that time I was about seventeen years old and I did not understand such things. An older man and I went up near the Walapai trail, where his corn was ripening. The Navaho were stealing corn all the time. We stayed there to watch it. After a little while, we saw a Navaho woman come into the cornfield. She wore bracelets; she wanted to trade them for corn, but he said, "No, I do not want them." She sat down and talked to him for a long time; he thought he would give her corn if he had his will of her. So he told me, "You go home a little while and then come back again," so I went away but after a time I went back. He was there alone; the woman was gone. I asked him, and he said, "Yes, we did pretty well," and he showed me the spot.[1] He had broken off a lot of ears and given them to her. He had a horse tied close to the cornfield, so he broke off the cornstalks, and I gave them to the horse, two or three armfuls.

Soon when the corn was ripe they gathered it. Those who had big fields got the Navaho men and women to gather it for them, and gave a little of it in payment. We were very friendly with the Navaho. They stayed here in the village. The Havasupai got the Navaho men to work for them. They did these things very well.

After a time one of the Navaho men found four or five big buckskins hanging on a pole stuck in a crevice. Those buckskins belonged to Jess's father's father. George's father had a bridle and other things hanging with the buckskins. A Navaho man stole them and climbing up on the upper canyon level, got away. Jess' grandfather did not know when the man went, whether he had been gone a day or only that morning. Jess's grandfather followed his tracks and then came back. Then he and George's father set out up the canyon, up Lee Canyon, and followed his

[522] [1]Humor takes this turn among them at least as freely as it would among ourselves.

2:11iff Y-5 (ca. 1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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stood, had been too meager a protection; the rain had put out the fire, leaving the biscuits half baked.

In the warehouse, we had stacks of wooden boxes filled with hardtack—hard, saltless crackers. We opened one of these boxes and served the hardtack, but not one was touched by the children. Frances, who understood the situation, called me aside and laughing, explained.

"It happened a few weeks before you came and we've joked about it ever since," she said. "The Indian women were hired to pack the hardtack down the trail on their burros. One of the burros bumped a case against an outjutting ledge, breaking it open. We suspected that the women had a hand in the accident—gave the burro a shove, maybe—for they are always ready to eat. They gorged themselves, then climbed down to a spring and drank all the water they wanted. Believe me, they were sick! When they finally staggered down to the village, they branded the hardtack 'bad medicine,' saying over and over, *'Hanatoopega!* (No good).' Since then the children will not touch hardtack."

Unless the children could be persuaded to eat the crackers, they would leave the table hungry; also our entire supply would be wasted. I had used experiments many times to intrigue the interest of my public school pupils; a very simple one might do the trick now. I held up one of the hardtack for them to see, calling attention to its size. I laid it in a dish of water and in almost breathless silence they watched it swell and swell. I explained that their mothers had eaten too many crackers and drunk too much water, making their stomachs too full. That was why they suffered.

The children caught the picture of the women's greed causing their pain, and laughed. Like all people who live precariously, the Havasupai found relief from hardship and danger in a ready sense of humor. The discomfiture of even one's own mother was funny, except in cases of illness or severe suffering. But the experiment had restored hardtack to its rightful place as a food. They ate it with their former relish.

When I dismissed school that evening, we had no need of

9:Illiff Y-5 (ca. 1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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sunflowers, squash, melons and pumpkins in a cloth and packed 251
them in this dry, safe place.

Through generations of experimenting the women had developed safe methods of preparing food for storage. Mold and decay must be fought or there would be famine. Beans, corn, sunflower seed, figs and peaches were dried in the usual manner, but it took an Indian's ingenuity to develop a method of drying squash and pumpkin so they would make good eating in the winter. The women first cut off the rind and allowed the squash or pumpkin to dry somewhat on the outside. They next removed the seeds, which were dried for food and for planting, then cleaned and partly dried the inside. This partly dried flesh was cut in one long spiral and hung over a pole until dry enough for storing. Many homes were so filled with drying spirals that there was little room for the family. The dried pumpkin or squash was cooked with water and served [252]
as a vegetable. I was sure it would be tender and sweet but I did not get a taste.

I had seen peaches spread to dry on the sandy ground, fly-covered, dogs romping over them, ponies nibbling them. So when I saw two laughing gossiping women laying their halved peaches on the clean floor of a crevice in the canyon wall in which a family had set up housekeeping, I climbed up for a better view.

When I reached their level, to my surprise—and to his—I saw 887
a naked old man sprawled on the floor, taking a sun bath. He gave 291
me a startled glance, bounded up and scampered away among the 576
rocks where he hid until I left the place. The women, their fat 522
bodies shaking with laughter, jabbered and pointed. The old fellow would have thought nothing of his nudeness had a woman of the tribe appeared. It was the privilege of old men and young boys to follow the dictates of comfort in discarding clothes. But a white woman! He couldn't figure out what she might think, or say, or do.

I wanted a picture of the women and their drying peaches, so 114
focused my camera. The women threw their *sutamis* over their heads and ran screaming to hide behind the rocks. It was the

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its turbulent source to its end, where it tumbled into the mighty Colorado. So when Mr. James returned to his camp, Frances and I began assembling the supplies we should need for the two-day journey.

Early the next morning the supervisor of the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve and a ranger arrived at the house. They had come to investigate conditions at Mooney Falls. Our trail would lead by the falls, so we invited them to ride with us that far.

Frances planned to ride the only trustworthy burro in our herd, a quick-stepping, sturdy animal. I intended to hire a horse in the village, so went down early to select one that could travel rough country. When the Indians learned that we were attempting the route to the Grand Canyon, trailless below Mooney, they shook their heads, declaring that no horse could make it. I suspected this was a buildup for bargaining as to price, so reminded them that old Ute had scouted out the way in order to serve Mr. James as guide. They admitted, "Maybe one, two Indians go; maybe horse break leg on rocks." As usual, a crowd had gathered to consider, craftily, whether or not the venture was feasible. As the leisurely discussion continued, the price asked for a horse soared until it almost equaled the value of the animal.

Then Walapai Bill, a square-shouldered man of middle age, spoke, "You take my horse. I bring your house pretty quick." He and I made a bargain, while the crowd murmured at his reasonable price of five dollars, which I quickly accepted.

When we were ready to start, I put Vesnor in charge of the school property until Mr. Burnett returned later that morning. Then I thrust my foot into the stirrup and sprang to the back of Walapai Bill's big, bony horse—only to discover that I was not being a lady! Ladies were assisted in mounting, I remembered, too late, when I glanced down at the cupped hand of the gallant young rancher and saw the surprised look on his face.

As we followed the trail through the village, the Indians were free with their comments. It was common knowledge that an Indian could endure hunger, thirst, and exposure. But Hicos were

522 soft. They joked, hilariously mimicking the picture we would make on our return—wilted as a squash vine severed from its root.

231 We jogged on until we came to the mile-long strip the Indians used as a race course. Without an instant's warning, my horse took the bit in his teeth and ran like the wind. At the mile's end, he stopped, heaving and gasping for air. He was, I discovered later, Walapai Bill's best race horse.

133 Our party of three and the two men from the forest reserve followed old Ute along the widening stream, which was so highly charged with minerals that every root, branch or leaf obstructing its flow was coated with solid stone. I gathered some of these leaves from the stream; each tiny vein and serrated edge was plainly marked in the stone coating. The debris along the banks had been transformed into a filigree of great beauty, concealing hollow places and deep caverns that became a danger when one walked too near the edge.

We passed Navaho Falls, so concealed in its jungle of tangled growth that we could not see it, but only heard its roar as it dashed over cliffs and boulders. This was the first large falls, and by some considered the most beautiful, perhaps because of its isolation.

The stream dropped rapidly, but we continued at the same level, traveling on a wide shelf that flanked the chasm. On the rim above Bridal Veil Falls we halted and looked down on the impressive scene two hundred feet below. Here the canyon formed a bowl or amphitheater, centering attention on the falls. The river spread across a high, wide cliff, dropping like a wind-tossed, gossamer veil into a deep blue pool. Thick mysterious folds of mist churned up from the pool, curtaining the gnomelike caves. Weird mineral formations, deposited by the water on shrubs and vines, covered the canyon walls on either side. Shaded by tall trees, the floor of the bowl was a tangle of bright green grass, climbing clematis, mosses, ferns and columbine.

In the past weeks we had visited this amphitheater several times and entered the caves back of the falls, finding giant stalactites and stalagmites and long stone-coated tendrils of maidenhair fern,

Their perceptive Faculties

are good, especially relative to simple ideas and actions, or to the ludicrous. They are capable of connecting words with any new idea which they comprehend, and are the most remarkably imitative human beings I ever saw, both by action and with the voice. They would repeat whole sentences, with marvelous truthfulness of sound, in Moqui, Zuñi, Navajo, Spanish, or English, and they manifested a universal passion for acquiring foreign tongues. All these characteristics, together with their striking powers of retention, were shown in the example following: One of them asked me to write the sentence, "Give it to me," in English, Ha-va-su-paí, and Zuñi. I wrote it, and carefully pronounced it in the three languages, showing him the order of the words. He ran over them a few times, and surprised me a day or two after not only by repeating every word correctly, but by pointing out the different sentences, and even words, which he pronounced. This seemed to argue an appreciation of form as well as of sound and its meaning; on attempting to copy any sentence, however, they would labor patiently, but present a scrawl in which not a mark could be detected that had the remotest resemblance to a single letter in the original. They did not seem either to be very curious about my writing, or to have the slightest comprehension of it; but would watch and mimic the motions of my hand and pencil in writing, and even the expression of my mouth, then take the pencil, imitate all these things very closely, produce a meaningless scrawl, and gravely read off a ridiculous, usually obscene, rendering of it; seeking my interpreter, and taking infinite pains to have their frivolities very carefully rendered to me in Zuñi.

They are skilled in manufacturing and using implements, especially in producing raw material, like buckskin, for which they have universal celebrity from the Colorado to the Rio Grande. The

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522 Other clowning activities involved a pretense at anger on the part of two of the masked men, often the leaders, who would chase spectators or grab young girls in an attempt to dance with them. On other occasions one of the masked figures would hold a king snake and frighten the audience with it.

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535 Spier's (1928, 267, Fig. 52) description and illustration of the masks were quite accurate. The person sponsoring the dance prepared the masks with some assistance from friends. They were made by doubling a piece of canvas and sewing it into a sack. A face was painted on the front. This involved geometric designs in black, red and white, although the colors had no special meaning. Openings for eyes and mouth were cut into them. The masks of the two leaders had leather tubes sewed to the mouth opening. Attached feathers were tipped with down. Women's masks were characterized by only one or two feathers and were painted red and white in designs consisting of red vertical lines or crosses on the cheeks. Those depicted by Spier (1928, 267, Fig. 52) were more typical of those worn by men. Some women did not wear masks, but painted their heads white with a red circle outlining the face. This was exceptional, however. The associated costume of the women consisted of willow bark strips hung from a belt like a skirt worn over a dress. The masks of the male impersonators contained more feathers and were white with minor design elements in red and black. Occasionally horse hair was attached to simulate human hair. This was allowed to hang freely or was tied in a knot at the back. Men's costumes included willow branches and leaves encircling the waist to hide their rolled-up denim trousers. Their legs and bodies were painted white with black spots at random. These were intended to indicate raindrops. No lightning designs were utilized. Men also wore willow leaves in a ruff around the neck and carried willow branches in their hands which they moved up and down in time with the dance rhythm. The men who distributed the food often wore cast-off women's clothing which they then discarded in a secreted dressing area.

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796 Our informants were in agreement that, aside from one attempt to hold the kachina dance in 1931 or 1932, the last had been portrayed in 1910, the year before the big flood (Spier, 1928, 94). Prior to that it had been customary to hold it every year, usually in conjunction with the harvest round dance. The seemingly paradoxical action of having the rain dance at the harvest rather than during the earlier summer rainy season was explained by informants who indicated that at the earlier date not enough fresh food would have been available for distribution to the audience. (In all probability, the rain itself was not needed [because of the perennial stream flowing through the fields], but the concept was retained along with the other obvious Hopi features.) [This certainly does not appear to be similar to the rain dance that Kroeber (1935, 202-3) reported for the Walapai.

[114]